Supernatural; Dean/Gabriel; "And let it be known that one day, when you least expect it, I *will* have sex with you."

NC-17, silliness & smut, set somewhere in S5. I tried to write this a few nights ago and it didn't work, but I got it this time.

NC-17, silliness & porn, set somewhere in S5

"OUT!" Dean shoves the shower curtain aside to kick Gabriel out, and thankfully Gabriel goes as if he were completely human, laughing all the while.

Dean stares at Gabriel for a moment, breathing hard and somewhat traumatized. He'd never dealt with attacks in the shower before. He could probably handle Thriller-style attacks.

But a wet and slippery archangel clinging to him and delivering innuendos as fast as he could talk? Dean was taking a *shotgun* into the shower with him next time.

Gabriel stares back at him, and his lips twist into a smirk. "I'll be by later with flowers and a reservation to a restaurant you'll love later."

"*Hell* no."

"*Hell* yes, Dean. And let it be known that one day, when you least expect it, I *will* have sex with you. Preferably in a shower, but I'd be happy with anywhere you care to get down and dirty with me."

And with a wink, Gabriel vanishes.

Sam is going to kill Gabriel. Nevermind any good and hopeful intentions he had before this, the next time he sees the Trickster/Archangel he's going to put a steak covering in flaming holy oil through the bastard's chest.

Why?

Because due to his methods of 'courting' Dean (and Sam wants brain-bleach for that, ye gods not a thought he ever needed or wanted) Sam now has to play guardian and escort for Dean.

Even to the bathroom. (Dean leaves the door open and makes Sam promise to come if he hollers.)

Even when Dean takes showers (Sam gets to sit on the closed toilet seat and read or use his laptop or anything to pretend that there's not a loaded shotgun propped up next to the shower stall.)

Dean *refuses* to be alone for any length of time and for a good reason, but Sam never *ever* wanted to be the 'first line of defense' to keep Dean from getting

molested by Gabriel.

The next time Gabriel drops by to deliver flowers to Dean, Sam tells him as such. With much cruder language. There may have been a few death threats.

Gabriel solves his problem with seven words.

"Dean: I can freeze Sam in time."

And Dean? Dean *freaks*.

And tells no-one about the hot dreams he's been having. Or the excellent mental images his subconscious has been providing for any private moments he's had.

And he does what the Winchesters do best: denial.

Gabriel makes good on his promise while Dean's taking another shower, three weeks to the day since that first horrifying encounter.

Dean starts to freak, but Gabriel's started off on the right foot this time: Dean was stroking himself, enjoying a pleasant masturbatory session, eyes closed and everything when suddenly a hand was tugging his hands away from his dick and there was a warm mouth swallowing him down instead.

Gabriel meets his eyes, working his tongue like he's done this a million times, and Dean just...gives up. He closes his eyes and thrusts forward a bit more roughly than he'd dare to with any human partner, and Gabriel just takes it, putting his hands on Dean's hips and pulling him forward, deeper into Gabriel's mouth.

Dean moans loudly, rocking into Gabriel's mouth and grabbing at his hair to steady himself. "Yes - yes, like that - " Dean's dialogue dissolves into a stream of curses as Gabriel swirls his tongue and does *something* with his teeth that makes Dean's world go white as he comes with a shout.

Gabriel lets Dean's dick slip free from his mouth and stands up, and Dean kind of protests when he hugs Dean tight and kisses him, but Dean's gone past denial to justification: if the sex will be that good, then he'll put up with it.

Besides: Phenomenal cosmic powers? *So* awesome when applied to sex.

Sam came running when Dean hollered, like he promised to do. Sam drank himself into a stupor shortly after.